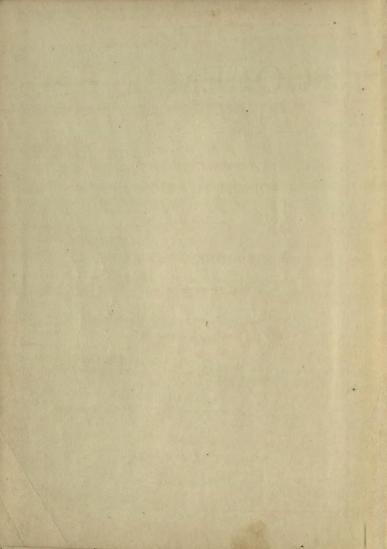


J. D. Luggins, Jr Mar. 17, 1931



# COLEMAN'S MALE CHOIR

Edited and Compiled by

ROBERT H. COLEMAN

B. B. McKINNEY, Musical Editor

Published in Round and Shaped Notes Bound in Cloth Board

PRICE
65 Cents Per Copy
\$7.80 Per Dozen

Published by
ROBERT H. COLEMAN
DALLAS, TEXAS

## FOREWORD

IN a song book published 350 years ago, we find that the following statement was made: "There is not any Musicke of instruments whatsoever, comparable to that which is made by the voyces of Men, where the voyces are good, and the same well sorted and ordered." Now the opinion of this time honored musician would apply to the present day, just as appropriately as to that period. There is an increasing demand for Male Quartets and Male Chorus Work in connection with our present day Church services. It is wise to utilize a Male Chorus, or at least a Quartet of Christian Men for several reasons: First, men love to sing, and in this way, they can take an active part in the services which proves both pleasant and profitable; Second, each man has a friend or friends, or family who will come with him to the services, especially if he is to take an active part; Third, the general public enjoys and is helped by good music rendered by men.

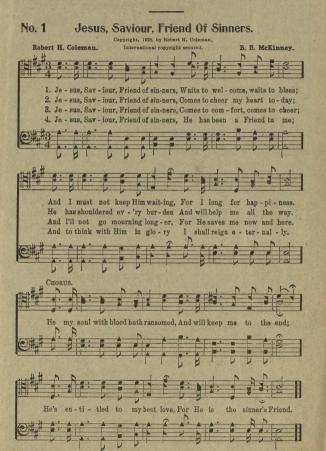
Coleman's Male Choir contains what we consider the best songs for men to be found in this country today. In addition to the popular arrangements, which have proven their worth, this book contains many new arrangements which we believe will be appreciated. There are also here a number of OLD PLANTATION MELODIES, and for these we find an increasing demand. Most of this music is very simple, and therefore can be used by almost any Male Quartet or Chorus.

May this book be used to the Master's Glory.

THE EDITORS.

#### COLEMAN'S

# MALE CHOIR



#### Just Outside The Door.



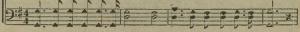
#### Shall I Crucify Him?

Copyright, 1900, by Tullar-Meredith Co.

Arr. by I. H. M. Grant Colfax Tullar.



- 1. Shall I cru-ci-fy my Sav for, When for me He bore such loss?
- 2. Are temp-ta-tions so al lur ing? Do earth pleasures so en thrall,
- 3. 'Twas my sins that cru-ci fied Him—Shall they cru ci fy Him yet? .
- 4. Oh! the kind-ly hands of Je sus, Pour-ing bless-ings on all men!



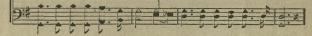


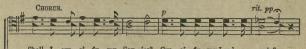
Shall I put to shame my Sav - ior? Can I nail Him to the cross?

That I can - not love my Sav - ior Well e-nough to leave them all?

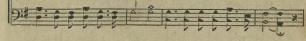
Black-est day of fiame-less an - guish, Can my thankless soul for - get?

Bleeding, nail-scarred hands of Je - sus! Can I nail them once a - gein?

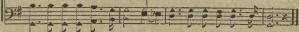




Shall I cru - ci - fy my Sav - ior? Cru - ci - fy my Lord a - gain?







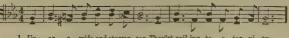


#### Sail On!

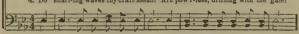
Copyright, 1909, by Chas. H. Gabriel. H. A. Rodeheaver, owner.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

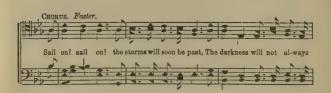
C. H. G.



- 1. Up on a wide and stormy sea, Thou'rt sail-ing to e ter ni ty,
- 2. Art far from shore and weary worn—The sky o'er-cast, Thy canvass torn?
- 3. Do comrades tremble and re-fuse To fur-ther dare the taunting hues?
- 4. Do snarl-ing waves thy craft assail? Art pow'r-less, drifting with the gale?



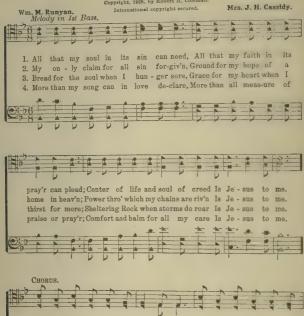




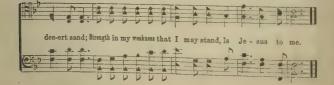


#### Is Jesus To Me.

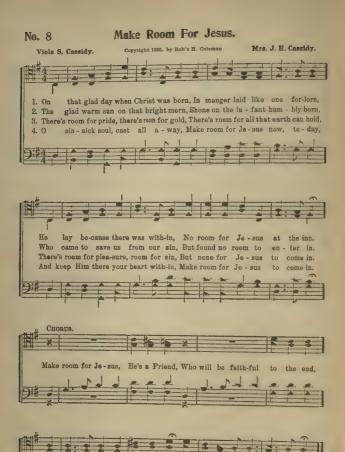
Copyright, 1928, by Robert H. Coleman.

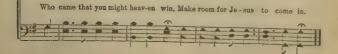












## No. 9 Jesus, The Light of the World.

J. V. C.

'Arr. copyright, 1921, by Rob't H. Coleman,

Arranged I. E. R.

1. All ye saints of light pro-claim, Je - sus, the Light of the 2. Hear the Sav - ior's ear - nest call, Je - sus, the Light of the the Light of the world: 3. Why not seek Him then to-day, Je-sus, 4. Come, con-fess Him as your King, Je-sus, the Light of the world; in His name, Je - sus, the Light of Send the gos - pel truth to all, Je - sus. the Light of the world. Go with truth the nar - row way, Je - sus. the Light of Je - sus, the Light of Then the bells of heav'n will ring, the world. CHORUS. We'll walk in the light, beau-ti-ful light, Come where the dewdrops of mercy are bright; Shine all a-round us by day and by night, Je-sus, the Light of the world.







#### The Haven Of Rest.





## No. 15 It Came Upon The Midnight Clear.





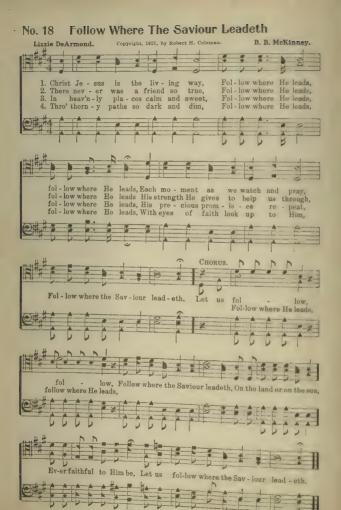
tree that's plant-ed

the

ter,

shall not

be moved.





#### My Anchor Holds Me.



#### Don't Forget To Pray.

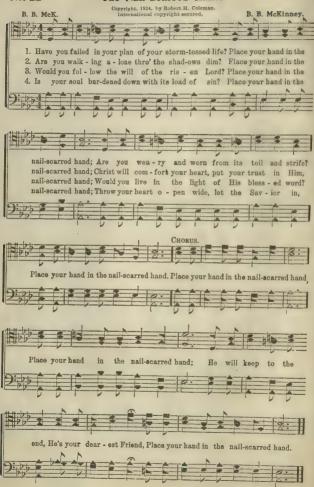
B. B. McKinney.



#### I Want My Life To Tell.

Copyright, 1908, by the Lorenz Publishing Co. Mrs. Frank A. Breck. E. S. Lorenz. 1. A - mid life's bus-y, hurrying throng, The gay, the sad, the weak, the strong, 2. I want to be a bea-con light, To cheer way-far-ers in their night, 3. I want my life with Je-sus hid, That I may do what He shall bid; 4. To wealth and fame I would not climb, But I would know God's peace sublime; While I am trav-el-ing a-long, I want my life to tell for And help them on their way a-right; I want my life to tell for I want to love as Je-sus did; I want my life to tell for And ev-ry-where—and all the time, I want my life to tell for Je sus. Je Sus. CHORUS. to tell for Je - sus! I want my want my life ... I want my life life. . I want my life to tell for Je - sus, That ev - 'ry-where I Men may His goodness know, I want my life to tell Je /- sus!

#### The Nail-Scarred Hand.





## No. 24 Somebody Here Needs Jesus.



### Pray Yourself Out.

Copyright, 1928, by Robert H. Coleman. D. R. Wade. International copyright secured. B. D. Ackley. 1. Tho' bil - lows of sor - row sweep o - ver your soul, 2. When bent by the burdens of trouble or care, If you should be 3. When storms beat up on you or foes o vertake, And friends do not 4. What-ever be tide you while here you re-main, Don't go from the And toss you and drift you a - bout; Don't yield to temp-ta-tion, let Je - sus con - trol, tempted to doubt; Cling clos-er to Je-sus and nev-er de-spair, hear when you shout, The Lord will be near you, and will not for -sake, love-light-ed route; The bless-ing you need from the Lord you shall gain, Just pray. prav. pray your-self out. CHORUS. Just pray, pray, broth-er, pray your-self out. Pray yourself out, Just pray, brother, pray, pray your-self out. pray yourself out. Je - sus, the Sav-iour of love nev - er doubt; He will be

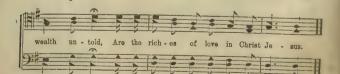
near, read - y to hear, Pray, brother, Pray, brother, pray your-self out.



#### The World Or Jesus.





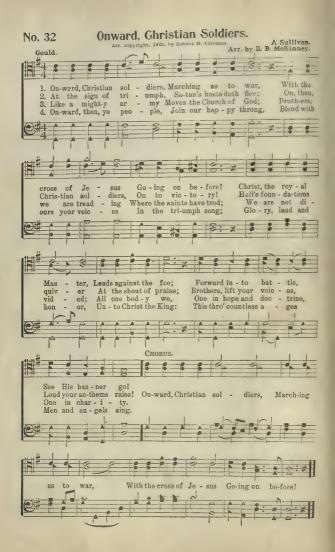


The Old Rugged Cross. Copyright, 1913, by Geo. Bennard, G. B. Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner. Rev. Geo. Bennard. 1. On far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of 2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so despised by the world, Has a wondrous at the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so divine, A won - drons 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re suf - f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dearest and best trac - tion for me: For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove, For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died, beau - ty 800: proach glad-ly bear: Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way, CHORUS, a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher-ish the old rug - ged To bear it to dark Cal - va - rv. par-don and sanc-ti - fy Where His glory for - ev - er I'll share. cross. the cross,..... Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rug-ged cross. old rug-ged cross, ..... And exchange it some day for crown. cross, the old rug-ged cross,





CMC-3



#### Shall You? Jesus.

Copyright, 1915, by Mrs Addie M Saign Song. Hope Publishing Co., at O. Sellers, G. M. J. Ernest O. Sellers. There is nov 1. Some one will en-ter the pearl-y gate 2. Some one will glad-ly his cross lay down anu a is and by, 3. Some one will knock when the door is shut and by, 4. Some one will sing the tri-umph-ant song and by. ing Je - sus to car - rv. Be will light - en, When Thro' Taste of the glo-ries that there a - wait, Sha Faith-ful, approved, shall re-ceive a crown, Shallear a voice say-ing, "I know you not," Shalloin in the praise with the blood-bought throng, Shalloin in the praise with the blood-bought throng with the blood-bought t - der - ful Je - sus. Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau-ti - ful Some one the glo-ri-ous King will see, Ev-er from sow Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain-ly will stri Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Loved ones of eart there be-hold, Feast on the pleasures so long foretold Shall you? shall I? earth be free, Happy with Him thro'e-ter - ni - ty: Shall you? shall I? door is barred, Some one will fail of the saint's reward: Shall you? shall I? gone be-fore, Safe in the glo-ry for ev - er-more: Shall you? shall I?



## Wonderful Jesus.





### No. 37 When They Ring the Golden Bells.

Dion De Marbelle. Arr. copyright 1925, by Rob't H. Coleman. Arr. B. B. McKinney. There's a land be-yond the riv- er, That we call the sweet for-ev-er, And we We shall know no sin or sor-row, In that ha-ven of tomorrow, When our 3. When our days shall know their number, And in death we sweetly slumber. When the on - ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to barque shall sail beyond the silver sea; We shall on - ly know the blessing Of our King commands the spirit to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den. We shall dwell with the im-mor-tals, When they ring the gold-en bells for you and me. Fa-ther's sweet ca-ress-ing, When they ring the gold-en bells for you and me. reach that love -ly ai -den, When they ring the gold-en bells for you and me. vond the shin - ing riv - er, When they ring the gold-en bells for you and me. CHORUS. Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you here the angels singing? 'Tis the glo-ry hal - le-lu - jah Ju - bi - lee. (Ju-bi-lee.) In that far - off sweet for-ev-er, Just be -





### No. 39 Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

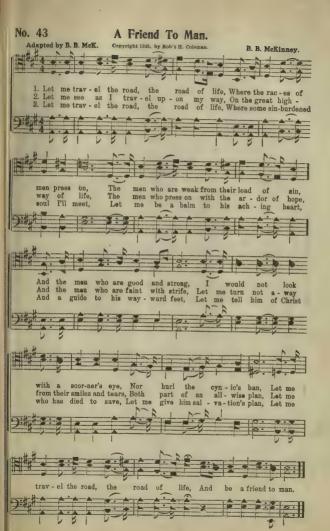




# No. 41 When the Night Shades Are Falling.



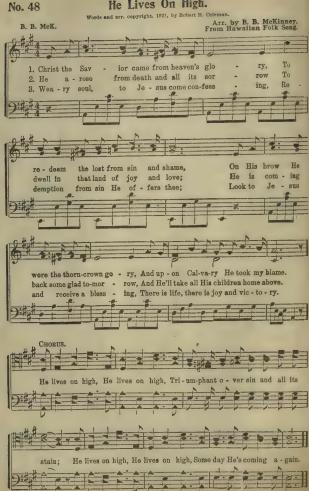






#### Sunset Hour.





## May God Depend On You?

W. C. Martin.

Copyright, 1906, by the Lorenz Publishing Co.

Ira B. Wilson.



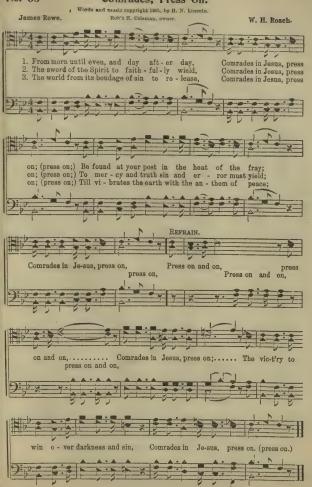
#### Gome Unto Me.







## Comrades, Press On.







# No. 56 God's Angel Is Standing By Me.







## Speak To My Heart.





### No. 61 O Love That Will Not Let Me Go.



### Gome Unto Him.

Copyright, 1928, by Robert H. Coleman. International copyright secured,

Mrs. J. H. Cassidy.



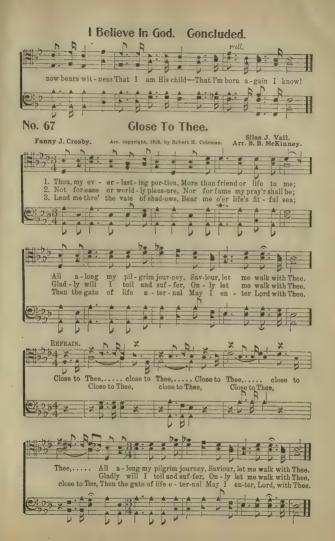




#### The Old Road. Gongluded.









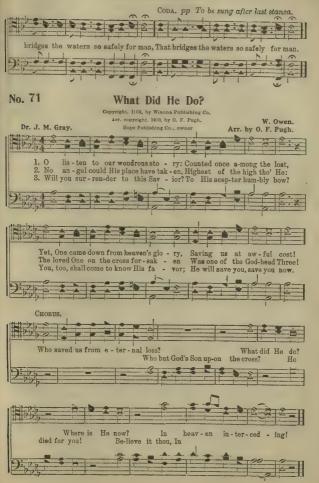
## The Life-Boat. Goncluded.



## The Wayside Cross.

Copyright, 1884, by H. R. Palmer. Used by permission. H. R. Palmer. C. L. St. John. Solo, ad lib, (Declamatory style.) 1. "Which way shall I take,"shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pilgrim a-take for the bright golden span That bridg-es the 2. "Which way shall I 4. "See the lights from the palace in sil - ver - y lines, How they pencil the wea - ried, and spent is my light; And I seek for a pal-ace, that wa - ters so safe - ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah, hedg - es and fruit - la - den vines-My all! fortune! my Slower, and sustained, rests on the hill, But between us, a stream li - eth sul - len and chill." me! if I knew-The night is so dark, and the pass-ers so few." one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil - ies, and wastes on the stream." \*CHORUS. Near, near thee, my son, is the old way-side, cross, Like a gray fri - ar cowled in li-chens and mess: And its crossbeam will point to the bright golden span That The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note

# The Wayside Cross.



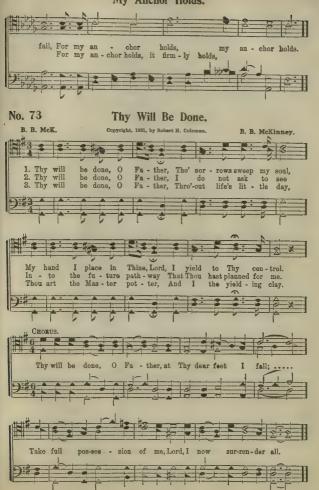
# My Anchor Holds.

Copyright, 1902, by D. B. Towner. Arr. copyright, 1912, by Chas. M. Alexander. International copyright secured.

Hope Publishing Co., Owner.

D. B. D. B. Towner. W. C. Martin. an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest-driv - en soul; tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep; 3. Troub-les al - most whelm the soul; Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll; am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow, An - gry clouds o'ershade the sky, And the tem - pest ri - ses high; Temp-ters seek to lure a-stray, Storms ob - scure the light of day: I've an - chor safe and sure, And in Christ shall stand the tem-pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock. in Christ I can be bold,-I've an an-chor that shall hold. CHORUS And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild-est, then, ye it holds, ..... my an - chor holds; Blow your wild And est On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev - er, nev - er gale.

# My Anchor Holds.





# Going Down The Valley.



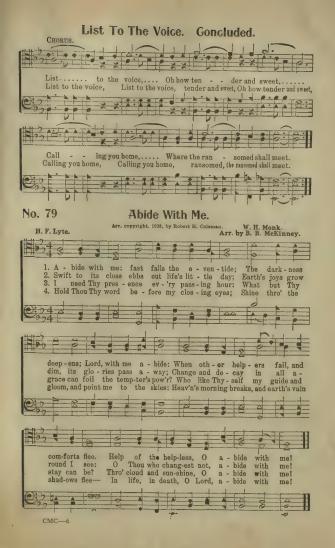


He Will Keep.



## List To The Voice.







# A Watchman In The Night.



That Beautiful Land. No. 82 May be sung as Duet by first and second tenors. Mark M. Jones. F. A. F. White. a - way strand. far land On have heard of a That bend low in the breeze. er - green trees 2. There are ev the Fa - ther's right hand; that land. At 3. There's a home in told .. the Bi - ble the sto - ry is In And their fruit - age is bright - er There are gold; ... than And per -There are man - sions whose joys are un - told, . gloom, And dark - ness DOT Nev - er cares nev - er come, And of lands. that fair - est harps for our hands. In Where the birds sing, And al spring, CHORUS. grow old. noth - ing ev - er In that beau - ti - ful shall ev - er grow old. noth - ing old. noth - ing grow can strand, No storms On that a - way land.

## That Beautiful Land.



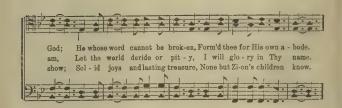


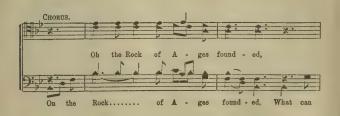
# Fight To Win.



Glorious Things Of Thee. No. 86





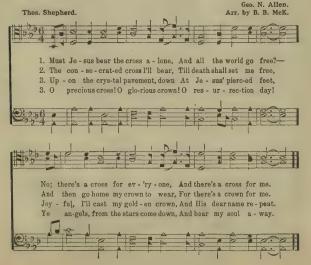




# Glorious Things Of Thee. Goncluded.



# No. 87 Must Jesus Bear The Gross Alone?



## Are We Down-Hearted?

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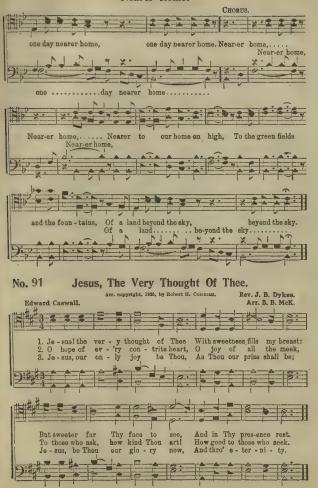


## Are We Down-Hearted? Goncluded.





#### Nearer Home.





### No. 93

### Will You Come?





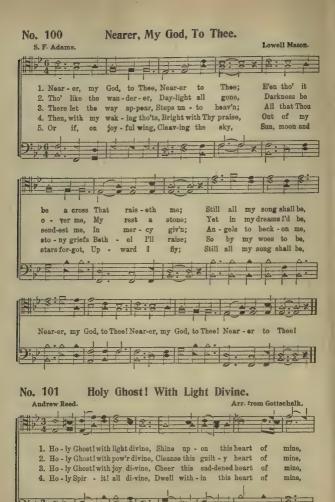
## Tell Mother I'll Be There.



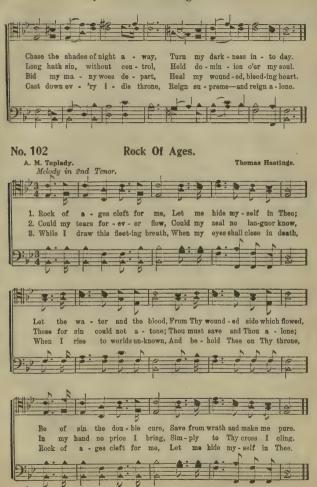


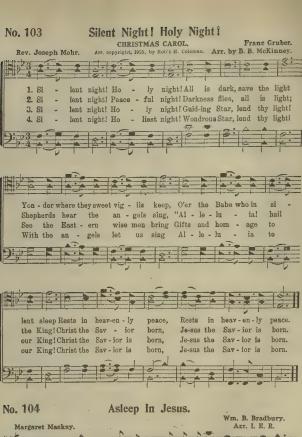
# We Will Understand It Better. Goncluded.





## Holy Ghost! With Light Divine.







- 1. A-sleep in Je sus! bless ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep!
- 2. A-sleep in Je-sus! O howsweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
  3. A-sleep in Je-sus! peace-ful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest!

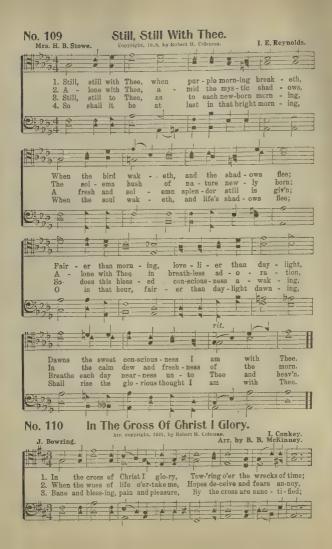
## Asleep In Jesus.

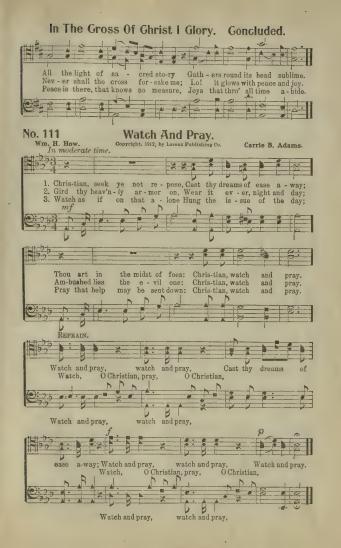




## My Country, 'Tis Of Thee.







## No. 112 O Love That Will Not Let Me Go.



# Sun Of My Soul, Thou Savior Dear.



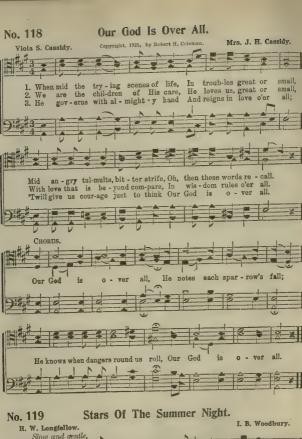
#### Sun Of My Soul, Thou Savior Dear.





#### More Love To Thee.

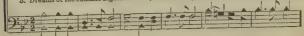




Slow and gentle.

1. Stars of the summer night! Far in you a-zure deeps, Hide, hide your golden light; 2. Moon of the summer night! Far down you western steeps, Sink, sink in si-lent light;

3. Dreams of the summer night! Tell her, her lover keeps Watch, while in slumbers light:





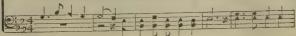
## Peace I Leave With You.

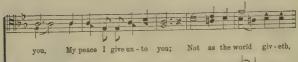
Arr. copyright, 1928, by Robert H. Coleman. Dr. J. V. Roberts.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.



Peace I leave with you, My peace I give un - to you, Peace I leave with







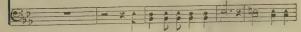


give I un - to you, Not as the world giveth, give I un - to you.





Peace I leave with you, My peace I give un - to you, Not as the





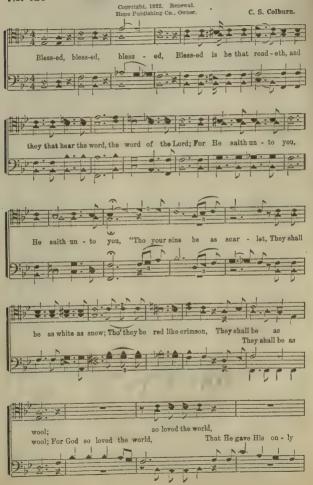
world giv-eth, give I un - to you; Let not your heart be troubled,



#### Peace I Leave With You. Goncluded.

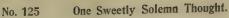






#### Blessed Is He That Readeth.

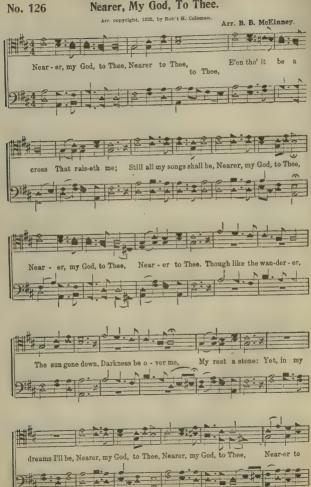




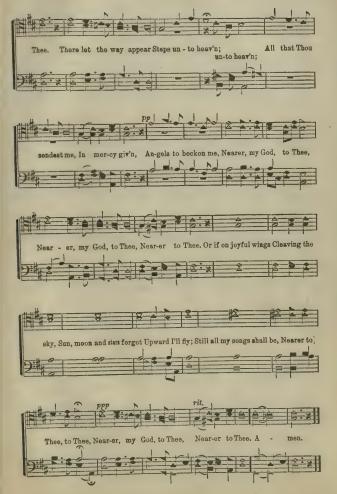


## One Sweetly Solemn Thought.





## Nearer, My God, To Thee.

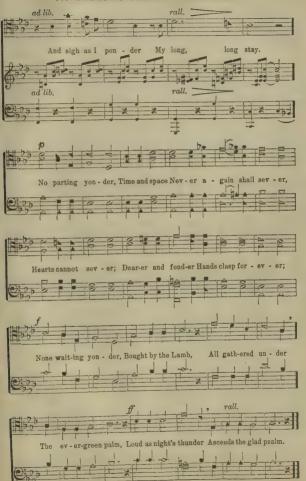


#### No Shadows Yonder.



Note:—Accompaniment may be played from these scores, but better results will be obtained from the "Holy City."

## No Shadows Yonder. Goncluded.



### Steady, Brothers, Steady.



## Steady, Brothers, Steady.

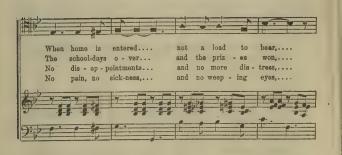


No. 129 No Burdens Yonder.

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#### No Burdens Vonder.



<sup>•</sup> If a repetition of the chorus is desired, sing following measure and a half as written, otherwise pass to 2nd ending.

CMC—9

I Could'nt Hear Nobody Pray. No. 130 Arr. copyright, 1925, by Robert H. Coleman. , Arr. B. B. McKinney. I could'nt hear no - bo - dy I could'nt hear ino-bo - dy pray, way down yonder by my - self;... And I could'nt hear no - bo - dy pray. the sus!... 1. Mas In the ters wa. Trou-bles jah!. lu no - bod - y pray, I could-'nt hear With His bur - dens val - ley, Crossing o - ver Jor - dan, the king-dom o - ver. I could'nt hear no - bo - dy I could'nt hear no - bo - dy pray, Oh, I als. His And



## I Could'nt Hear Nobody Pray.



# No. 131 Hush! Somebody's Galling My Name.



#### I Know The Lord.

Arr. copyright, 1928, by Robert H. Coleman.





No. 134 Inching Along. Arr. copyright, 1925, by Robert H. Coleman. Arr. B. B. McKinney. Je - sus will Keep a-inch-ing a-long, Keep a-inch-ing a - long, a - long, like a poor inch worm, come by and by; Keep a - inch-ing FINE. inch that I 1. It was inch βy inch and by and by. 2. We'll inch and will come 3. Oh, trials and troub - les and by; will come sought the Lord, Je - sus And will come by and by; Je - sus inch byi But will come and Je - sus the way, D. C. lieved His word and He saved my soul, Je-sus will come by and by. inch by inch till we get home, Je-sus will come by and by. well as pray, Je-sus will come by and by. we must watch as

# No. 135 Walk In Jerusalem Just Like John.



## Climbing Jacob's Ladder.



# No. 137 Going To Shout All Over God's Heaven.

Arr. copyright 1921, by Rob't H. Coleman. Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

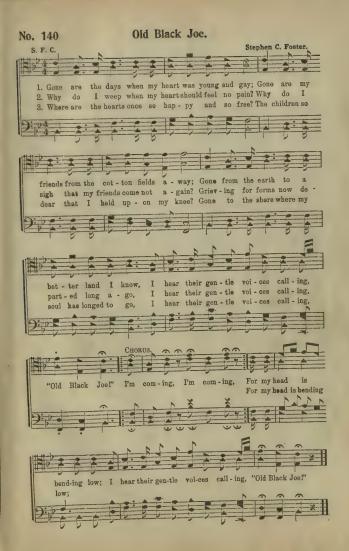


# Four And Twenty Elders.



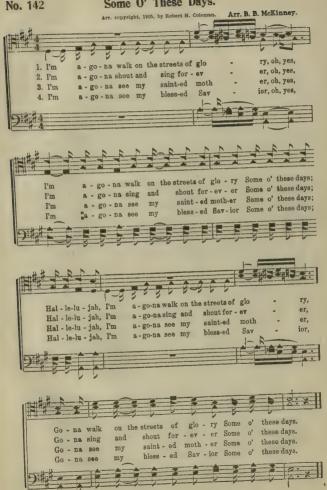
# No. 139 Standing In The Need Of Prayer.







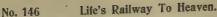
## Some O' These Days.

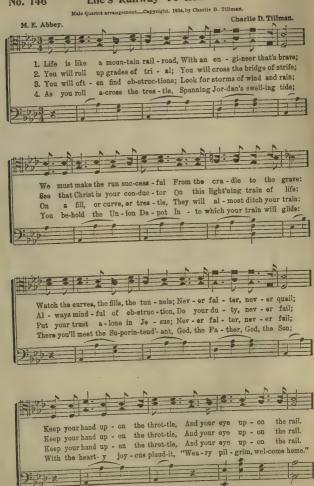




### In My Heart.







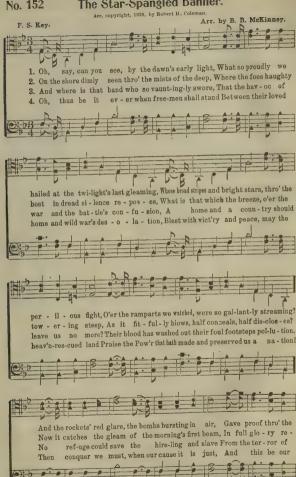




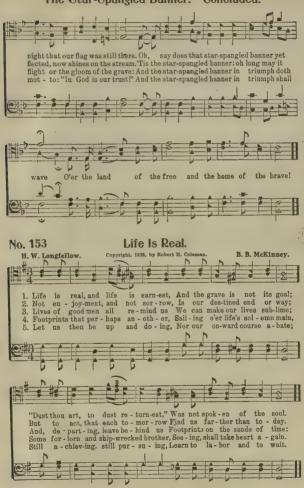
### No 149 Rocked In The Gradle Of The Deep.







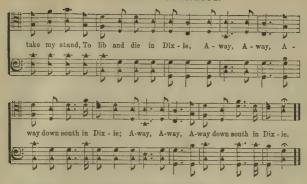
### The Star-Spangled Banner. Goncluded.



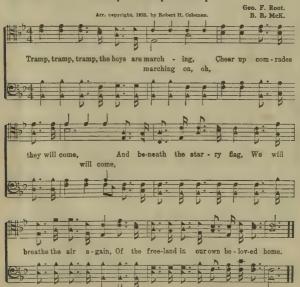
## Dixie Land.



### Dixie Land. Goncluded.



# No. 155 Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!



kind - ness yet, For auld

